THE BYSTANDER
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£2,000 ASSURANCE

OCTOBER 14, 1914

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THE BYSTANDER

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR REVIEW

IN TIME OF WAR

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The Bystander, October 14, 1914.—No. 567. Vol. XLIV.

The BYSTANDER

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War Comments

BY THE BYSTANDER

Wisdom with Experience

OUR Press does not repeat over Antwerp its stupidity at the time of the fall of Brussels, and pretend that this is a mere "theatricalism," of no strategic consequence. It has admitted frankly that it is a blow to Great Britain at the immediate moment, and a peril of the future. Obviously the fall releases the German besiegers, and frees them to attack our bases at Ostend and Dunkirk, also to reinforce Kluck's molested right. Had Antwerp been of no strategic consequence, certainly the British Admiralty would not have sent three Naval Brigades, 8,000 strong, with heavy guns, to help the defenders at the eleventh hour. What one is mildly curious about is why, if Antwerp were of such vital importance as this proves it to be, we did not do more for its defence earlier? More than to express such curiosity is not now permissible.

* * *

Surprises—Actual and Potential

There is revived for our special benefit, of course, Napoleon's famous "pistol" threat, and our Press has unanimously accepted it as current coin of 1914 as it was in 1814. I am inclined always to be sceptical as to whether anything that was is, and this war has done much to confirm me in that bad habit. I have seen impregnable fortresses fall like ninepins; perfect military machines go hopelessly wrong; God-inspired Kaisers and Crown Princes made to run like rabbits; "contemptible" little people to turn out very fine fellows. May we not live to see many more surprises, among them a pistol levelled at England's heart prove to be a toy one?

* * *

Another "Scrap of Paper"—

To explain—but I'm no expert mind! If Antwerp brings the Germans nearer to us, so, my dear friends, it brings us nearer to the Germans. Can they make from the Scheldt sudden raids with airships and submarines? But so also can we from the Thames. If rats have to be dug out of holes, Antwerp is a great deal more accessible to the digger than is Kiel. The mouth of the Scheldt is near, whereas that of the Kiel Canal is a long, long way. True, there sticks in the way of our taking the initiative in the attack a certain "scrap of paper," entitled Dutch neutrality. It remains for our statesmen to study that scrap very carefully: also to consider equally carefully how far a nation is bound in war by obligations similar to those which its enemy violated in order to make war.

* * *

A HERO TO THE LAST

King Albert of the Belgians who—though his two capitals have fallen into the hands of the Great Despoiler—remains the King of the Belgians. It becomes now the life task of Britain to secure his triumphant restoration

—And a Nice Point

By tearing up the Belgian "scrap" Germany gained an advantage over us. Are we to risk her gaining another advantage by sitting still while she tears up the Dutch one? It is a nice question of ethics, and I am rather glad that the gentlemen who will primarily be concerned in considering it are professional descendants of a certain Admiral whose column we shall all be decorating with wreaths this day (Wednesday) week, and that their civil chieftain is a member of the house of Churchill. Britain may rely on her Winston to be no more scrupulous than is absolutely necessary.

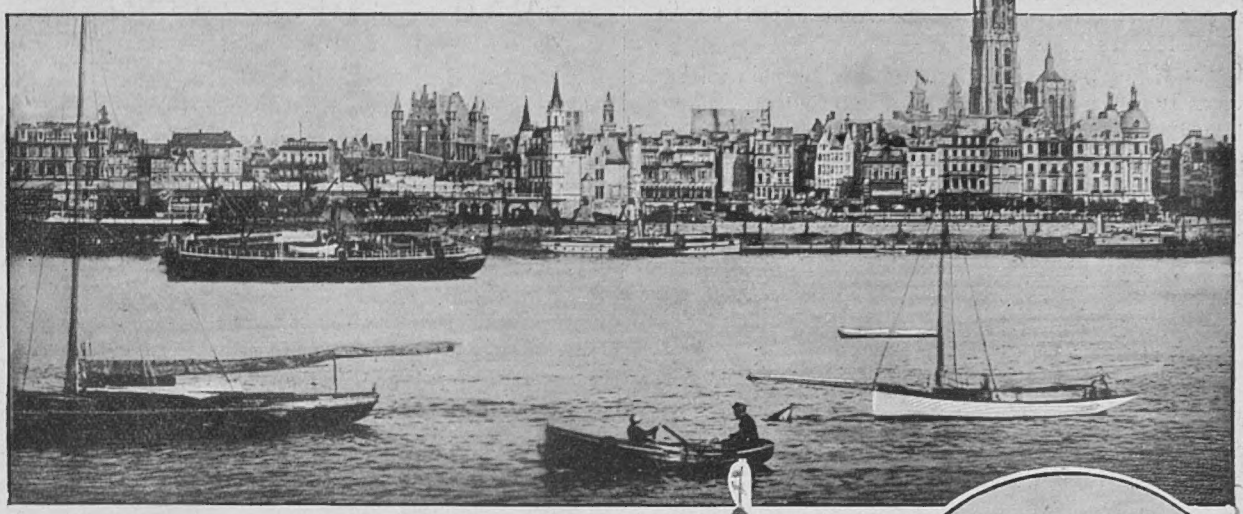
* * *

Touching those Zeppelins

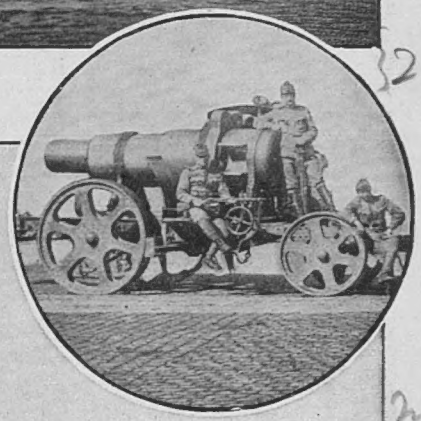
As to those Zeppelins. The capture of Antwerp is to make our fleshes creep. I speak as a perfect noodle in matters of strategy. But I'm blessed if I see why I should fear Zeppelins any more coming from Antwerp than coming, as they might have done any day for the last six weeks, from equi-distant Brussels, or even from Düsseldorf, where the monsters are stabled. Zeppelins require sheds: if British airmen were able to drop bombs on them at Cologne and Düsseldorf, they will be better able to drop them at Antwerp. News of their movements will, furthermore, be obtainable much more easily, seeing how near-by is neutral Holland, where there are journalists and other open-eyed people.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (continued)

Antwerp Falls—to Rise Again?



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE SCHELDT



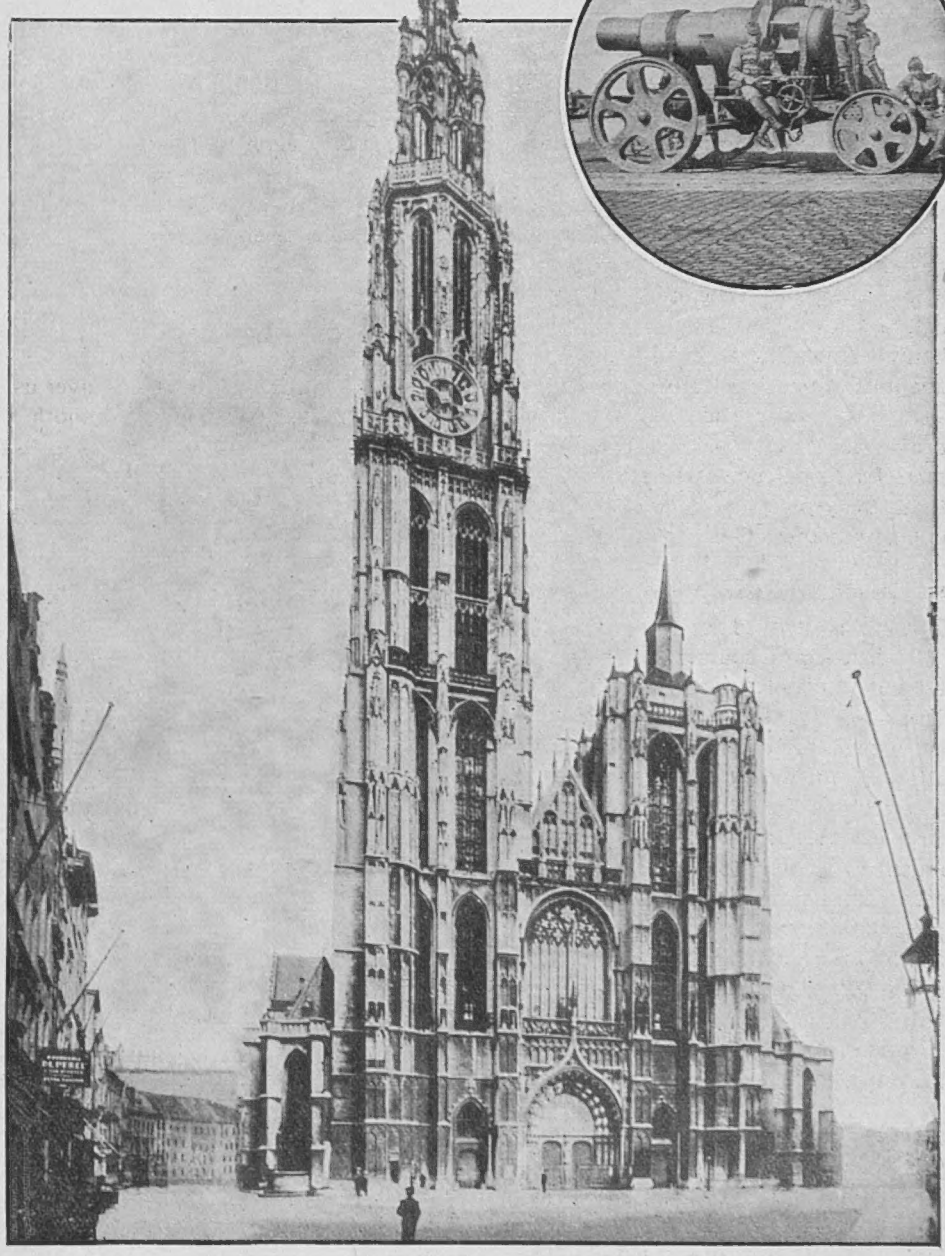
The Thing That Matters

For the moment, therefore, I decline to sleep any less quietly in my bed than I have at any recent time. If the Zeppelins are coming, presumably they will come. If I am struck—or you, my dear reader, or my house, or yours, or this public building or that, we—or they—will be struck. What is important to bear in mind is that throwing bombs on London will not in the least alter the intention of the British nation to make an end of the people who drop them, in our own time, and in their own place.

* * *

A P.P.C. Card

The Taube attack on Paris, inflicting injury on Notre Dame, and on a score or so of inoffensive citizens, looks more like the leaving of a P.P.C. card than anything else. For Paris is not besieged, and even Von Kluck must now despair of ever again getting within any distance of it. If it is the German intention to turn all their attention on our perfidious selves, they will certainly have neither time nor men to spare on Paris.



SPARED—BY DESIGN OR ACCIDENT?

Antwerp's beautiful Cathedral which, unlike those of Rheims and Louvain, has, so far, escaped the attentions of the German howitzers, one of which is inset on the right. There is no knowing, however, whether some trivial act of disrepect to Prussian militarism may not even yet involve another dose of "frightfulness"

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (continued)

The Importance of Being Somebody

One of the effects of the war has been to emphasise the truth of the old adage, "Kissing goes by favour." Mr. Norman Craig, K.C., M.P., who has recently been given a commission in the Royal Naval Reserve, is a good sportsman, as well as a good lawyer, and in particular a fine swimmer, and a yachtsman—as distinct from a mere owner of yachts. I know a man who is "something in the City," or was before the War broke out; now he is "maistly nowt." But before he became "something in the City" he was a merchant seaman, and when he left the sea he had been an officer for eleven years and had obtained his master's certificate. When the War broke out he offered his services to the Admiralty in any capacity in which they might wish to employ him. But in spite of his very special qualifications, they would have none of him. He was "much too old." His age is forty-four, and he is as fit and as active as many a man of thirty. The age, by the way, of Mr. Norman Craig is forty-six.

***

Prescient (?) Politicians

Last week, during the comparative lull, as far as our own troops were concerned, in the fighting, the talk at the clubs veered round to politics, and one actually heard in places general election prospects discussed instead of battle prospects. But the election, all the same, is to be a war election, and it will go, we are told, to the side whose politics are the politics of the war's most popular hero. That hero, according to the Liberals, will be Sir John French. Sir John French is a Liberal—*ergo*, the Liberals will come in again.

***

Political Parties of the Future

This shows that, whatever else has changed, the Party politicians are as they were in their self-satisfied short-sightedness. To outside observers, it looks as though the old dividing lines "Liberal" and "Unionist" have gone for ever. The vital question of our country's safety not only in the present war, but against future perils, is likely to give us on the one side a United National Party, and on the other, a coalition of faddists, idealists, agitators, and doctrinaires. One Party will place the defence of the country above all considerations. The other will . . . not. I have no doubt whatever on which side Sir John French will be found, to say nothing of Lord Kitchener.

***

Nothing Doing

A young lady recently returned from the Duchy of Luxembourg and took to the office of a leading daily newspaper (never mind which!) a lengthy account of what she there saw of the German Army *and* the Kaiser. She was shown to the editor's room.

"Any atrocities?" asked that important personage.

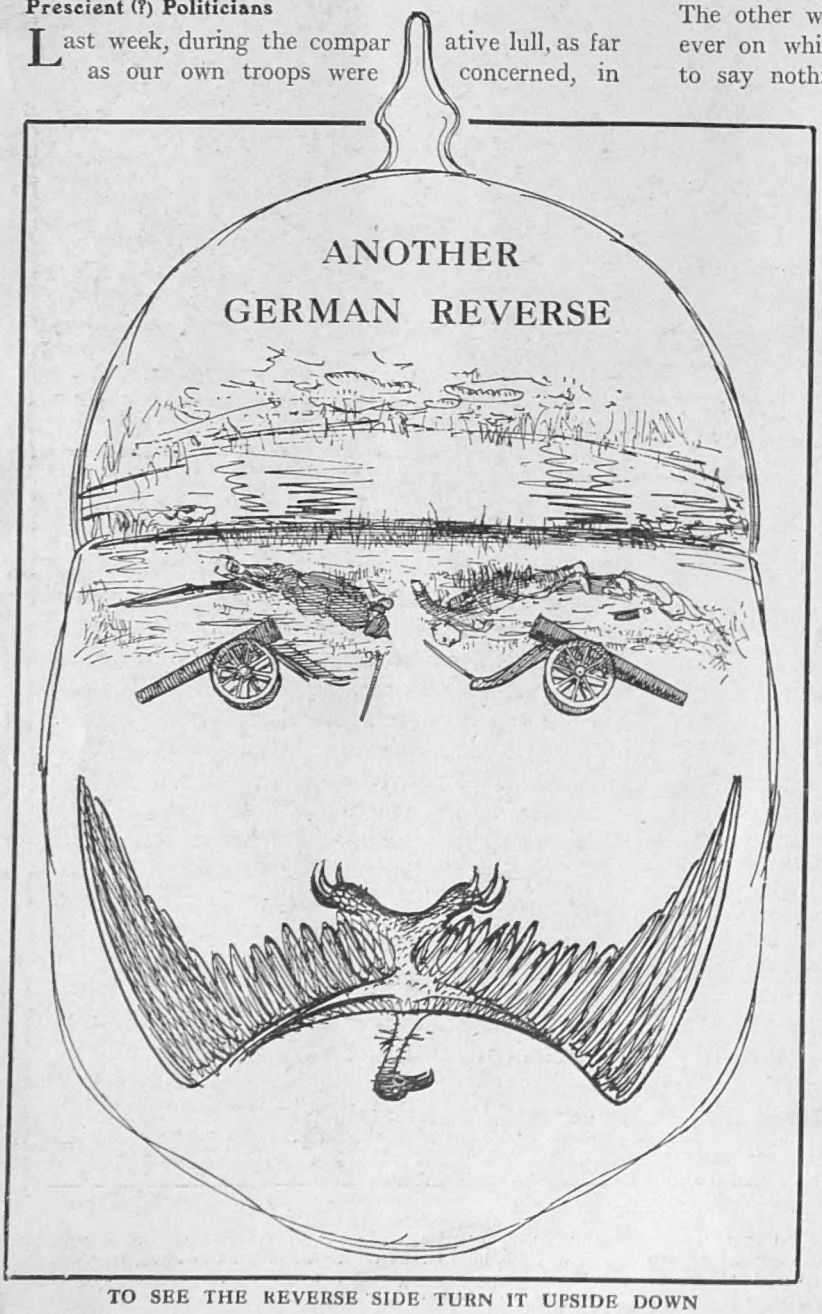
"Er—no!" said the young lady. "None."

"I'm sorry," said the editor, smiling sweetly, and touching his bell. "Good morning!"

***

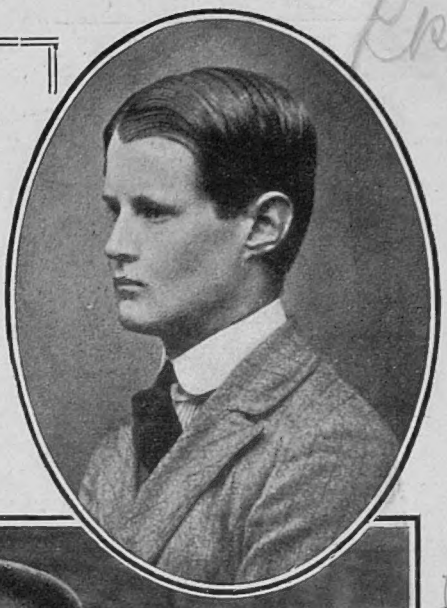
The Snub Military

Some of the eminent artists and writers who are now drilling to defend their country are discovering that the army is, after all, still the army, and that a recruit, even though titled, is still "Tommy" to the drill-sergeant. An eminent acquaintance of mine had got rather muddled between "right wheel" and "right turn," but took it good-humouredly enough. In fact, he was all smiles until the sergeant-major, in a voice of brass, called him out and addressed him thus:—"Laughing, are yer? D'yer think this is a laughing matter? Let me tell yer it isn't. You're making a fool of yourself and a —— fool of me." Since which Sir X—— Y—— Z—— has never smiled again—on parade.



TO SEE THE REVERSE SIDE TURN IT UPSIDE DOWN

Sons Fall In Whose Fathers Have Often Fallen Out



MR. J. K. LAW (on right) AND MR. C. J. LAW
Eldest and second sons of Mr. Bonar Law, who have both joined Kitchener's army

MR. RICHARD LLOYD GEORGE (on right) AND MR. GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE

Mr. Lloyd George's two sons, who have recently joined the 6th Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. The splendid example set by sons of our statesmen, such as these, has been of the greatest service to recruiting throughout the country. Besides the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Bonar Law, many other public men have sent sons to fight, while they themselves continue to destroy the enemy with the siege-guns of rhetoric

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (continued)

Rumania's New Sovereigns: What Now?

THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA

Before her marriage to King Ferdinand, then the Crown Prince, she was Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and a grand-daughter of the late Queen Victoria

MAKERS OF A GREATER RUMANIA?

KING FERDINAND OF RUMANIA

Nephew of the late King Carol, who died at Sinaia on October 10, thus removing an obstacle to the participation of the Rumanians in the war against Germany and Austria

Will Rumania Take a Hand?

The Angel of Death has dealt the Kaiser a cruel blow in removing at this particular moment his kinsman, King Carol of Rumania. That monarch, as was pretty well known, was pledge-bound not to take up arms against the German Empire. His nephew, King Ferdinand, whose wife is a first cousin of King George, being a daughter of the late Duke of Coburg, will find it less easy to restrain the desire of his people to take a share in the game. What Rumania may do is, of course, to put her armies into Transylvania and co-operate with the Russians in their march to Budapesth. It is generally believed that this will be the chosen moment for Italy, too, to join in. But as to that, we must sit still and wait again.

***

Reported From Downing Street, "K" Again

Enters into the Prime Minister's room a Minister, worn and weary, sinks down silent and exhausted on to a settee.

THE PRIME MINISTER (*looking round*): "I see you've been engaged with Kitchener."

***

"Some" Scum

The Public Schools Battalion of the Fusiliers are at present engaged in building their own winter quarters on a spacious estate near to Epsom Downs. It is an exhilarating sight to see the lads at work, and the sound of their hammers can be heard for miles round. The zest with which they turn their hands to anything reveals the Public Schoolman as the "handy man" of Kitchener's Army. I would welcome the opportunity to escort a German spy or two to the scene, just to let him see, and write home about, how much there is of the "scum" and the "mercenary" about our Army in the making.

***

Now We Know

From the *Daily Telegraph*, October 9:

Great interest attaches to the big cavalry fight which is taking place in North-Western France between a point north of Lille and the coast. How many men are engaged in this, the first really important cavalry encounter of the war, is not known, but as the French despatch of Wednesday afternoon spoke of "masses," it may be assumed that the numbers are large on both sides.

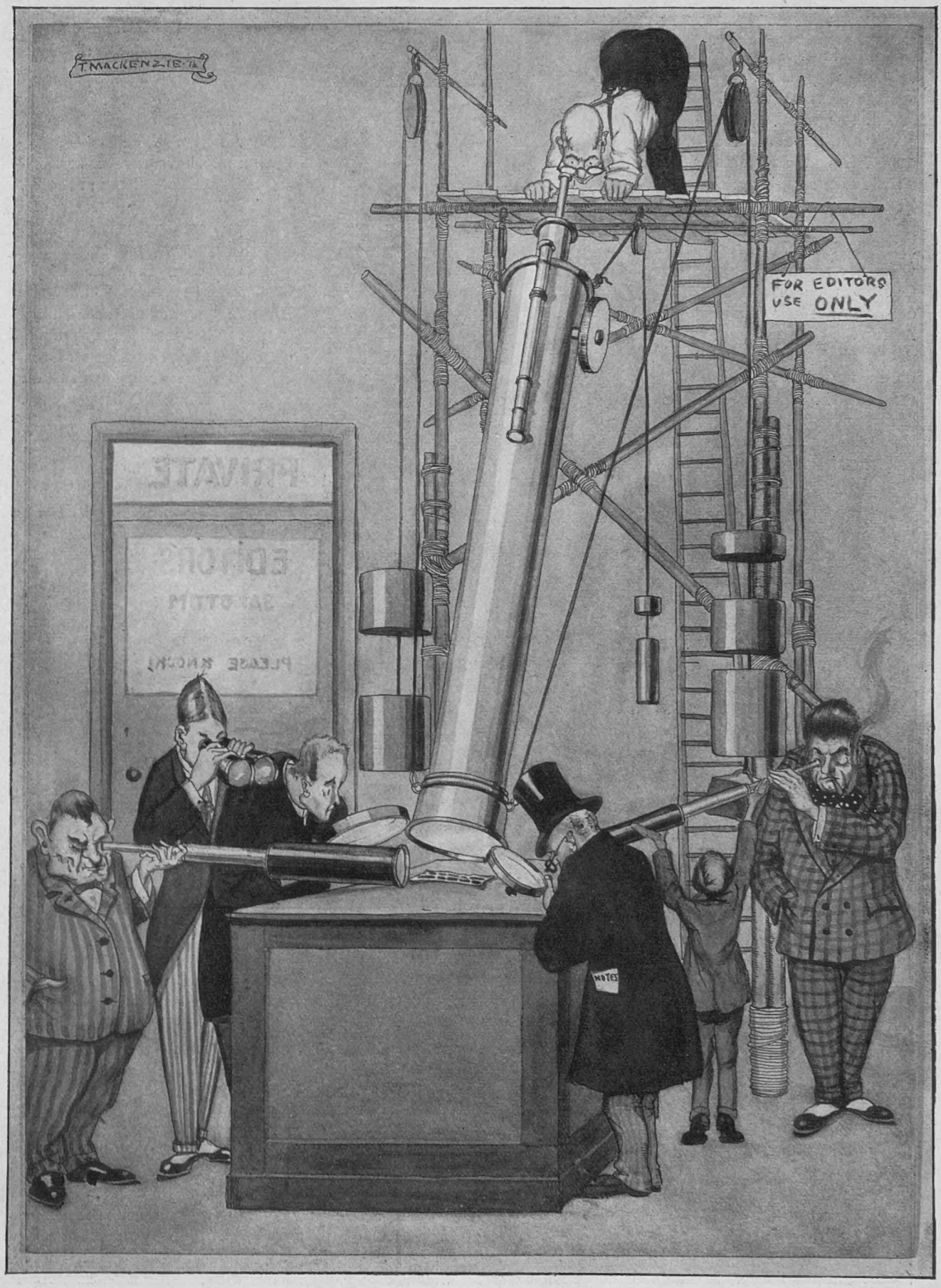
Well, now, we wonder who'd have thought of such a thing? What should we do without our papers?

***

His Private Opinion

It is a good thing to see parties of wounded soldiers being taken for the day to pleasure resorts by kind-hearted people with motors. I ran against some of these the other day and asked them what was their opinion of the German soldier. After a pause and an uneasy look round, one of them (straight from Soissons) said in a low voice, "Well, my *private* opinion is that they're as good as what we are." How overjoyed the Kaiser would be could he have heard that!

A Study in Creation



The Editor and Staff of a Daily Newspaper Search a Censored Telegram for News

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (concluded)

What of America?

So far as the New York Press is concerned, American opinion seems sound enough for the Allies. It does not do, however, to measure opinion too much by the papers—certainly in America, where few people read leading articles, or are influenced by the papers at all. True, the German element in America is only a very small percentage of the whole. It is well to remember, however, that there are also the Irish, the Scandinavians, anti-Russian Poles, Finns, etc., Hungarians, Dutch, and various mixed breeds. These, while not necessarily pro-German to a man, are certainly not pro-British. As for the Germans themselves, small though they be in numbers, they are no less noisy and bumptious in America than elsewhere, and public opinion is often enough formed by the people who make the most noise, which is never the Anglo-Saxon.

Photograph *Thomson*

SIR EDGAR SPEYER

Who in conformity with the King's Proclamation has retired from the firm of Messrs. Speyer and Co., of New York, because they do business with Germany. He was made a Privy Councillor in 1909

* * *

An Obvious "Write-up"

I don't know how many readers of the *Times* were impressed by the letter from Berlin of an "American lady married to an Austrian diplomat," which gave such a glowing account of the life and gaiety of the Prussian capital, and recorded with such excessive detail the various glorious victories of the Kaiser's forces, and all the rest of the usual pro-German propaganda. Certainly no journalist can have been deceived into believing this to be a genuine document. It had "write-up" written all over it, and positively stank of the Wilhelmstrasse. One saw the "American wife of the Austrian diplomat"—who must have been a sort of German "Harriet." Before her, a "scrap of paper" containing a list of subjects, numbered in the order in which they were to be "dragged in." Later on, one could see her reading her proof. "Good gracious. I've forgotten to bring in that bit about the Allies gouging out babies' eyes." And one can see her "dragging it in," on that proof, smacking her heavy German lips, and passing for press. The Wilhelmstrasse Press Bureau still seems to "see green" in the English journalistic eye. But why does the *Times* publish this rubbish? Does it not, in so doing, play the enemy's game by deceiving at least some of its British readers?

"Der Tag"—In Paris

The Germans arrive in the French capital—a full month after the time specified in the Potsdam time-table, and not as conquerors but as prisoners

Women In The Case

SOME OF THE LADIES OF EUROPE WHO ARE IN TIGHT CORNERS

Photograph *Voigt*

H.M. THE KAISERIN

Three of whose sons, Oscar, Eitel, and Adalbert have been victims of ill-luck on the battlefield, and whose husband is H.I.M. the Kaiser

Photograph *Guigoni and Bossi*

THE QUEEN OF ITALY

Whose father is at war with Austria, but whose husband, King Victor, has not made up his mind whether to join in

Photograph *Deutmann*

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND

Occupying the most difficult of all positions. She is the Queen-Regnant of the State whose neutrality may any moment be violated by one or other of the combatants. Her husband is a German.

THE GRAND DUCHESS OF LUXEMBURG

Who is reported to have been deposed and made a prisoner in Germany. She is one of the prettiest and wealthiest Princesses of Europe

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCESS

Whose husband is reported to be in military disgrace, and whose mother, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has reverted to Russian nationality

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF AUSTRIA

The Archduchess Carl Franz, who is wondering whether, after the war, there will be any Crown left to succeed to

One is apt to forget that the women have their worries in war-time hardly less vexatious than those of the men—particularly when they are wearers, actual or prospective, of crowns

The Work That Never Ceases

THE SCENE AT KRUPP'S WORKS, ESSEN, WHERE THE COLOSSAL WORK OF PRODUCING IRON CROSSES FOR DISTRIBUTION BY THE KAISER GOES ON CEASELESSLY NIGHT AND DAY

The War Will Begin When It Ends!

BY "DOWNWRITER"

THE war, I ventured to suggest last week, will enter its really exciting stage when it passes from the comparative calm and good humour of the battlefield and the high seas to the fury and venom of the writing-table. At the moment men are being killed, wounded, and captured—in terribly large numbers—but it is the truth to say that the rival fighting-men, after awhile, grow to know, to respect, even to like each other. The human Englishman discovers the human German to be, after all, much the same sort of fellow as he is himself, fighting his best, goodness knows what about, for his King and country, and ready to sell his soul to Perdition for a glass of beer, and to fall about the neck of the sternest of his captors if only he would give him a cigarette. The German, for his part, discovers the English "Tommy" not to have long legs and a monkey-face, but to be a smooth-faced, well-proportioned boy with laughing eyes, ready to do anything he can for an enemy once he's really down.

"Old von o'Clock" is how the soldiers refer to the leader of the hated foe, with his eternal reinforcements brought up from space; while, we dare to think, General Joffre is described as the German for a "corker" and French as whatever the enemy calls a "knut." If the settlement of the peace terms were left to the soldiers and the sailors, to say nothing of the airmen, I'll wager they'd be permanent. Men who have fought will have learned to like—and to fear—each other far too well ever to desire to fight again.

But, alas! the peace terms are not settled by the men who have fought, but by the men who have sat all the time at home, puffing, fuming, swearing one day: shouting, bragging, blustering the next, and all the time inspiring scribes and speakers to hurl the most violent insults (*via* Copenhagen, Amsterdam, New York, and Rome) that wireless can carry. The men who will have the settlement of peace terms are the men who made the war: the diplomatists, not those who fought it. The blood having been shed, we get back to the inkpot, and though the pen destroys no lives, it makes far more havoc with human souls than the sword. The war, as Mr. Chesterton might say, will begin when it ends.

While the soldiers and sailors would be willing to shake hands, and congratulate each other on having fought so well, asking each other over their drinks and smokes how they really managed that little affair at . . . where they'd been hiding that force that surprised them at . . . (passage deleted by Censor), and whether those fellows in the . . . were really . . . or if it was all a . . . (passage deleted by Censor). Not so the diplomatists. They will exchange no drinks and smokes, only scowls. They knew each other before. They remember against each other offences for which there is no purge. You may forgive a man who has shot you in the face, but you'll be shot if you'll forgive a man who once passed a scrap of paper behind your back.

When the Peacemakers begin *their* battle, on the diplomatic Aisne, then the belligerents will really be at each other's throats. The battle will range over many a field of words, in which the public will be little interested. But there is one of these in which we, the whole British nation, shall take a hand, and in that hand a million pens. We have been called by his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor "treacherous." Because of our "treachery," the "contemptible little British Army" was singled out for a process of assassination. Instead of dealing with it as a unit of his enemy's forces, the German Emperor fell upon it as though it had been a Belgian baby. He sought to Louvain it: to be "frightful" with it. When it failed to fall into his hands at Maubeuge the German Emperor is said to have flung his field-glasses into the face of the aide-de-camp who brought the news. He wanted the blood of the "contemptible little" ones. No soldier's wish was this for the defeat of a detail of the foe. It

ACCORDING TO THE CENSOR

German General, having learned the position of the enemy from a London newspaper, prepares to settle his plan of campaign for the day

was the lust of a child-murderer. William knew it was a "little" army, and noble sportsman that he was, he made it his Royal and Imperial command that his *whole army* concentrate its whole energies—"address all your skill and all the valour of my soldiers"—to exterminate first the treacherous English.

And this is the sportsman we have allowed to compete with us at Cowes, the man we have sometimes been proud to claim as half an Englishman, the man who, professing to despise an enemy because of its size, orders it to be crushed with the entire might of his entire strength! By that document William II. proclaims himself before all the world to be a butcher, a cad, and a slanderer. The "contemptible" little Army, it is true, was not exterminated, and, that being the case, its own honour stands in need of no clearance. It cleared itself at Meaux and at Soissons.

But the English people have not yet had their opportunity to repel the charge against them, and it is the word "treacherous" that sticks in the national gizzard. This is the battle we hope will be fought by our penmen to such a finish that the streets adjacent to the conference-room will flow with ink and be strewn with broken bottles.

Let the Germans *prove* treachery against the British nation. To be a traitor it is necessary that you betray. Whom have we betrayed? Germany? But what has there been between the British and the German peoples to betray? Have we not been, ever since the Emperor challenged our position in South Africa, on terms of rivalry, sometimes of hostility, to the German rulers? Has there not been a continuous diplomatic feud between us? Have not the Naval Estimates of the one been invariably based on the other's? Have not books forecasting an Anglo-German War been turned out by the hundred? Did not Bernhardi, Treitschke, von Reventlow, and all the rest of them regard war with England as one of the immediate contingencies of the future, and sketch the lines on which Germany would conduct it—mines, submarines, Zeppelins and all?

Were we not closely united with France, and bound to co-operate with Russia? Was not the Triple *Entente* the recognised counterpoise to the Triple Alliance? Did Germany not learn, after the Agadir crisis, that she had to reckon with British co-operation in the event of an attack on France?

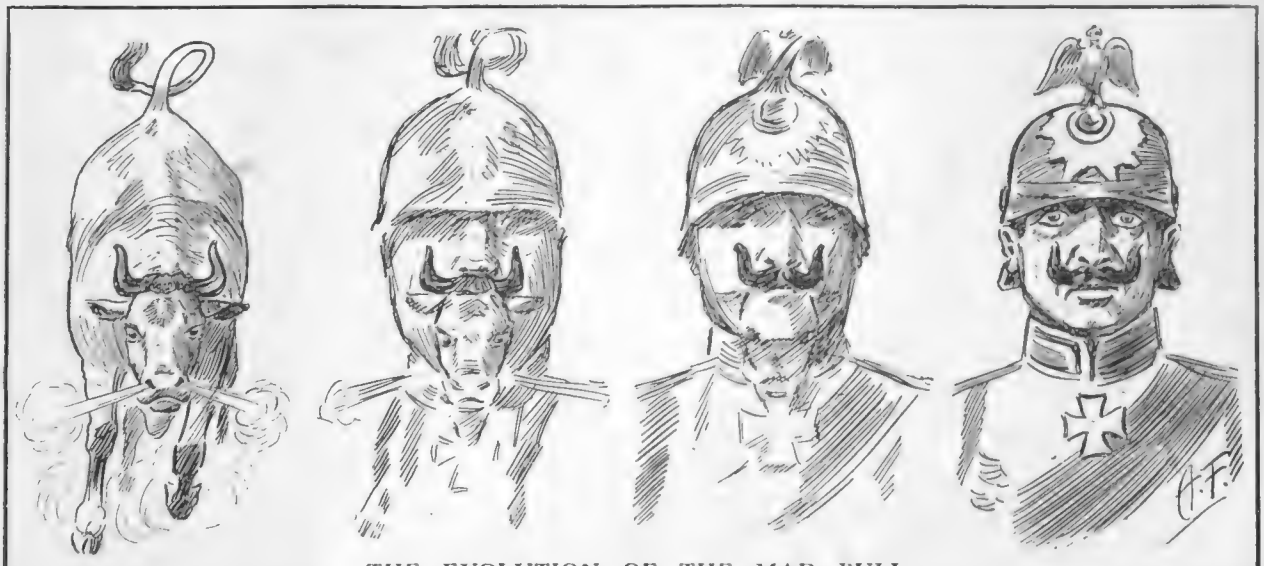
It being the public truth, known to every intelligent person in Europe, that Britain and Germany were sooner or later to face a trial of strength, how can it have been treachery on our part that, when Germany sent her ultimata to France and Russia, and announced her intention to tear up the Belgian "scrap of paper," we ranged ourselves on the side of our Allies?

If we had not done so, if we had left France to be murdered, mutilated, and burned, then we should have been traitors to *France*, with whom we were in league. To betray, there must first be a trust. There was no trust between Britain and Germany, therefore there can have been no betrayal.

The Emperor may have been misled by one of the titled spies he sent over here to believe we were as decadent and cowardly as he wished to believe us. If he found that we were not, then it is not that he has been betrayed by us, but merely befooled by his own hirelings. He should have exterminated them, not "French's contemptible little army."

Even were it possible to make out that Sir Edward Grey, or any other patriotic statesman, had been guilty of any kind of duplicity—which I believe to be utterly untrue—even then the Kaiser has no right to speak of the "treacherous English." The English nation, while it certainly wanted no war with Germany, has never been left by Germany in the slightest doubt that it would be expected one day to fight for its existence, and it has accordingly been prepared to do its duty when called upon. It was ready, too, if France were attacked, to rush to the aid of its neighbour and friend. That is not treachery: it is patriotism and loyalty. Are those words in the German dictionary? They certainly are in the British, and what the English nation will expect of those who enter the coming battle of the pens is that those words be burned in big hot letters into the heart of the Imperial slanderer and murderer, and that he be made to eat the word "traitor."

DOWNWRITER



THE EVOLUTION OF THE MAD BULL

Being Unable to Take Paris——

—KRONPRINZ WILHELM TAKES ANYTHING ELSE HE CAN LAY HIS HANDS ON

[Our own artist's impression of the departure of the Prince from the Château of the Baroness de Baye, at which, according to its chatelaine, he helped himself to a number of valuables and art treasures]

A Bit of the Battle Line

ON THE ROAD BETWEEN GHENT AND ALOST

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE City of Ghent is roughly some ten miles from the spot at which a brisk little fight has actually been going on; but no one on arriving here would suppose that the war was so near. Well-to-do people are out shopping in their carriages or cars, and the cafés are crowded. Outside the railway station, it is true, there is a great gathering of men; but these are the out-of-work operatives from the factories that have shut down for the time being. They are assembled at this spot because it is here that the first news of the day's battle will come. Presently, however, the grim nearness of the war becomes apparent. Women pass by in the exaggerated mourning of foreign cities; heavy black veils reaching from head to foot, at once conspicuous and depressing. It is not for me to question the good taste of such a dress. *Autres pays, autres mœurs.* And yet it is impossible to avoid the impression that they who make the most elaborate and expensive parade of their mourning are those who feel their grief the least, and are anxious only themselves to shine in the reflected glory of their valiant dead. As we walked through the city we passed several undertakers' shops filled with newly made coffins that were piled one upon another up to the ceiling itself: a chilling sight, and one, as Carlyle would have said, significant of much.

Here and there on our way through the city we saw posters on the walls calling upon the people of Ghent to keep cool and to behave with proper dignity in the hour of trial. I wondered if such an appeal were really necessary, for never did people seem to regard the enemy at their gates with less concern. Once we came across a poster of uglier portent, setting forth in cold, official language that a certain man having been tried by court-martial, and having been found guilty of espionage, had been forthwith taken out and shot. These posters were, however, no more than straws which showed the way of the wind. It was not till we came to the south-east corner of the city that the first spray from the tide of war reached us. A motor-cyclist in uniform shot along the street at a pace that would have made a Surrey police-trap faint from excitement. The road was cleared for him in an instant. Tram-cars and other vehicles pulled up short, and everyone turned to look after him. He seemed to expect a clear road, for he sounded no horn and gave no warning of his approach, but just sped on swiftly, sternly, with the quiet business-like method of the Belgian Army. I turned to a policeman at my side and raised my eyebrows questioningly. The policeman nodded. "Yes, monsieur. He has come from the affair. He has news."

A tram-car runs from Ghent right into the line of battle; but just now passengers are not being carried quite so far. The terminus of the moment is indicated by a line of soldiers stretched across the road. The soldiers are absolute masters there, but they do not exercise their prerogative in any arrogant spirit. We saw them in the distance scattered here and there about the roadway; but as we approached they lined up with an almost imperceptible movement, and by the time we were upon them they were formed into an impassable barrier. A well-groomed officer stepped forward and asked to see our papers, and I said I thought we had what was necessary. I produced a passport from the Foreign Office, *visé* by the Belgian Consul in London, endorsed by the British Vice-Consul somewhere else, and guaranteed genuine by the Burgomaster of Ostend. In fact, from the number of signatures on it the document looked more like a petition in favour of Sunday closing than a workable passport; but it seemed to be satisfactory. The officer ran his eye over it, and then said gravely, and without emotion: "*Passez Messieurs*," and the line opened to let us go through. It was as much like showing your ticket of admission to a theatre as anything I can think of.

An armoured motor-car dashed past us. It would have been idle to try and reckon the speed of it. There was just time to catch a glimpse of the ugly little mitrailleuse protruding from behind it, reminding you of the wasp that carries its sting in its tail. To us it was quite a startling apparition; but the peasants working in the fields scarcely paused to give it a glance. They were, apparently, used to that kind of thing, while we who were fresh from the peace of London found it hard to realise all at once that we had come at last to the gate of hell. Other armoured cars followed—ordinary cars with Belgian officers at the wheel—motor-cyclists with rifles slung across their backs: it was like a summer Sunday morning on the Brighton Road. With a difference.

A walk of five miles brought us to the entrance to the village of Melle, which already bears the stain of the contaminating Hun. On the bank at the side of the road stood or sat a group of men and women waiting for directions from the military as to whether they should go on or go back. They were all silent—

(Continued on page 50)

The Aftermath of an "Affair"

UHLAN PRISONERS OF WAR ARRIVING IN GHENT AFTER BEING CAPTURED IN A SKIRMISH OUTSIDE MELLE

In Touch With the Firing L

SCENES OF THE ROAD BETWEEN GHENT AND ALOST, WHERE A FO

"The rest of the world," says 'Jingle' in his description of the scenes depicted above, "might talk academically of the ravages of the Huns, but these people knew; they gave me the impression of men who would not cry aloud for vengeance, but who, when the

ine: By Our Own Artist in Belgium

NTINGENT LEAVING MELLE FOR THE FRONT

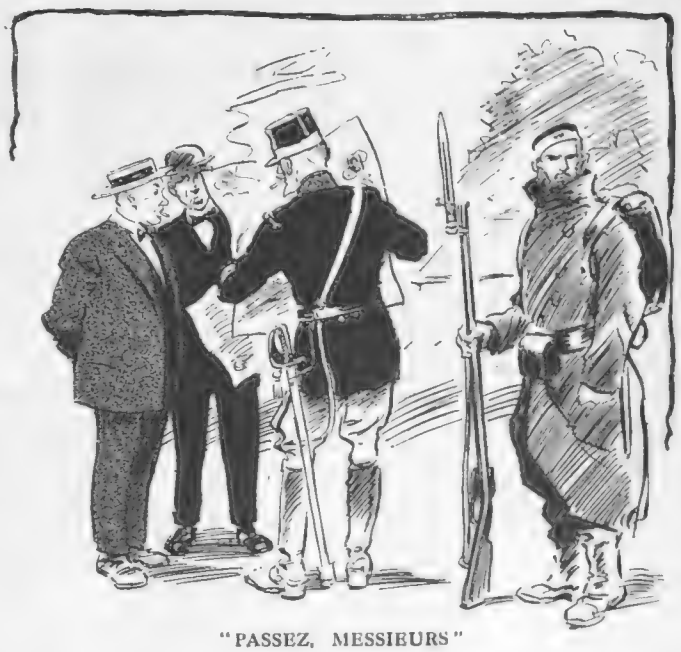
GHT WAS IN PROGRESS, SPECIALLY SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

chance came, would take it silently and terribly. . . To the Chancelleries of Europe this little 'affair' that was going on five miles away meant only a question of the balance of power; to these poor people it meant the battering and defiling of their homes"

A BIT OF THE BATTLE LINE (*continued from page 46*)

one would have said dangerously silent. The rest of the world might talk academically of the ravages of the Huns; but these people *knew*. The men stood together like hunted sheep; they gave me the impression of men who would not cry aloud for vengeance, but who, when the chance came, would take it silently and terribly. They have learned to expect no mercy from the German soldiers who only follow the example set by their officers. As a man in Ghent told me, even the Crown Prince himself, after a prayer that Heaven will aid him in his just cause, will go upstairs and steal the spoons and forks. To the Chancelleries of Europe the little "affair" that was going on five miles away meant only a question of the balance of power; to these poor people it meant the battering and defiling of their very homes.

A motor-car suddenly appeared in the distance, coming from the direction of the "affair." The soldiers lined across the road until they could discern the official flag on the car and the magic letters "S.M." (*Service Militaire*). At once they flung their ranks open and shouted a word of warning to the people in the road to stand back. The car came at tremendous speed, but we had time to see that it was occupied by two soldiers, one a Belgian corporal and the other a Uhlan officer, one of the prizes captured in the "affair." The Uhlan seemed to be quite satisfied to be a prisoner; he sat in the car looking contented and even happy. But the Belgian corporal was pale and anxious. He glanced from side to side out of the corners of his eyes as he dashed past us, and looked nervously at the group of refugees in front of him. We did not need to be told what it was that he feared. The clenched fists and hard faces of these people only confirmed what he knew and what we all knew: that if his car had broken down by accident and left the Uhlan officer at the mercy of these cruelly wronged men there would have been nothing for us to do but to cover our faces with our hands and pray that to the mangled Thing that had once been made in God's own image death had been mercifully swift.



"PASSEZ, MESSIEURS"

The "affair" was beginning to colour the scene vividly. A motor-cyclist came spurting through the line, shouting as he went past "*Ça-y-est!*" and the line of soldiers gave a grim smile of satisfaction. A moment later an armoured car came thundering along, trailing two other cars behind it, so that they were covered by its mitrailleuse. The two cars were crowded with German prisoners. One of them we could see had been wounded; he lay back in the car, held up by two of his comrades. As before, the procession passed with astonishing rapidity; and there was nothing but the unholy light in the eyes of the tired people lining the road to indicate that they had seen what was there. No cheers, no shout of exultation, only a stern, almost uncanny silence from the men, who seemed to feel disappointed that the prisoners had not been handed over to those to whom their lives belonged, the ruined and homeless people who lined the road with faces that seemed to indicate that they had lost all hope and all fear.

From the cloud of dust into which the armoured car and its prisoners disappeared, emerged a Red Cross ambulance coming out of Ghent. The ambulance dashed past us, followed by several motor-cyclists, all wearing the Red Cross armlet. Then more slowly came a number of priests mounted on ordinary cycles, which they rode with dignity, in spite of the hindrance of their flowing cassocks. Two very old priests unable to ride bicycles were being driven along in an ordinary *fiacre*. The "affair," it seemed, was over, and the greater work of mercy had begun. The contrast in speed between the active ambulance men and the quiet priests was quite noticeable. From what I have seen of the Belgian soldier, I think the word "nippy" is the best description of him that I can come at. He seems to dart here and there like a tadpole in a pond; and that day it is clear he had darted to some purpose. The work of the priests, however, was one for which no undue haste was necessary. They were going out to shrive the dying and to pray for the dead, and they were the best judges of the haste that might be needed. They went out smiling quietly in acknowledgment of the respectful greetings given to them on all sides, and they were under no illusion as to the risks they ran. For the Huns that murder little children and women are scarcely likely to respect the merely holy office of the priest.

It was dark by the time we got back to Ghent. The change that had come over the City in a few hours was extraordinary. The people that we had seen strolling about in a leisurely way were now gathered in groups at the corners of the streets excitedly reading the latest telegrams as they appeared in the evening papers. Whenever a crowded car dashed past it was followed by an angry mob, but the measures taken by the authorities to secure the safety of their prisoners seemed to be quite complete. The "affair," I gathered, had been the rounding-up and capture of a party of German cavalry and cyclists. Later in the evening a furniture van loaded with German uniforms, helmets, saddles, and bicycles slowly wound its way under an efficient guard to the military depôt. It told its own story.

JINGLE

Hard Lines!

BRITISH NAVY: "Yes, you can have yer fun, but what abaht me? I'm so darn big nobody'll put up a scrap fer me!"

Keep Your Hair On!

BY THE BYSTANDER-AT-THE-BACK

(NOTE BY EDITOR.—*The former Bystander-in-Berlin is now, as will be seen, in Russia—not, alas! at the front, but at the Back*)

THE Bystander-at-the-Back this week journeyed to Pskoff. Pskoff is somewhat farther from the Back than Petrograd. In other respects the Bystander-at-the-Back prefers it, for it lies on a pleasant river, running into a branch of Lake Peipus. It played a rôle in Russian history, and is famous for hens. There are delightful low, one-storied houses with mid-Victorian curtains. Pskoff is pedantically neat. You can see that it is on the edge of German Russia, the Baltic Provinces. That is why it specially dreads Teutons; it spends its day in hunting them out; and for nearly two hours it took the Bystander for a German merely on the strength of his hair.

This is no thrilling spy tale. The Bystander-at-the-Back never for a moment feared for his life, but only for his dinner. At two on last Thursday he entered the thoroughly Russian restaurant of Mr. Stepan Andronoff. He ordered a meal:—

MENU

Sour Cabbage Soup with Sour Cream. *Kisliya stchi s smetanoi.*
Cold Sturgeon. *Kholodnaya osetrina.*
Roast Duckling. *Zharenï utionok.*

Blonde Beer. *Svietloe Pivo.*

Plainly in Pskoff only Germans drink beer. At once the eyes of all diners: an officer, four stout officials, and Dr. Michael Platonovitch, were turned on the Far-Back-Bystander, who heard them ominously uttering the detestable word "Niemetz." "A German!"

The Far-Back-Bystander put some sour cream into his sour cabbage soup. Again he heard, "A German!" With complete contempt for the fact that the Back-Bystander himself speaks Russ like a native (of Bantry), the six Russians talked. Dr. Michael Platonovitch said that the war was over; that a letter had been found on the dead body of General von Kluck offering France seven thousand million roubles if she secretly made peace ("Scoundrel!"—"*Podletz*," said the officer), and that the Back-Bystander is a German. "You can tell by his cropped hair," said the stoutest official, a certain Kyril Logginovitch, who wore a civilian uniform. He added that all Pskoff Germans of fighting age have been sent to Viatka—a dull sort of *muzhiky* place close by Siberia.

At this moment the captain rose, drew near to the Back-Bystander's table; and, looking at the sour cream dissolving in the sour cabbage soup, said very politely, "*Entschuldigen Sie. . . .*" And he told the Back-Bystander in fair German, spotted with neatly enunciated French, that he wanted to know whether as a German the Back-Bystander had permission to stay in Pskoff. He got the answer, "I am an Englishman." "*Ya Anglitchanin!*" The officer looked pained at this lie. Before he had expressed his sorrow, up came two of the officials and Dr. Michael Platonovitch and chorussed in one voice, "It's impossible — look at his short hair!"

Dr. Michael Platonovitch explained that no Briton ever had his hair as short as the Back-Bystander's. The officer agreed. All were extremely polite: and showed no desire to lynch the German. "But we must do our duty. Do you know Herr Oscar Hahnemann of Zubowa? He's in Viatka. You will be well treated, but you may as well admit. We'll get your passport. You speak Russian well, with a Bavarian accent."

The passport was with the police. The Bystander-at-the-Back produced two English letters. The officer showed doubt. "Of course, If you are not a German . . . . But your hair . . . . your accent . . . ." In a droscky, with the officer seated politely on his left, and Dr. Michael Platonovitch on the step, the Central Pskoff Police Office was reached. And there blazed forth the honest British passport of Mr. John Cornelius Logan ("a British subject travelling in Russia") with the incontestable signature of Sir Edward Grey. Explanation, Reconciliation, Celebration!

A PICTURE POSTCARD
Very popular in Petrograd

Although abstinence is now the rule in Russia, Dr. Michael Platonovitch produced a bottle of *kazionka*—the slang for Vodka. He also produced wiski. "My brother in London loves wiski," said the officer. The stoutest official Mr. Kyril Logginovitch kissed the Back-Bystander. To-night there will be a dinner at Polivanoff's at which the Back-Bystander will be guest. "Come at seven. Where did you get your hair cut." "At Petrograd." "Was it a German barber?" "Yes." "Then it was a German dodge to get an Englishman into trouble. Yesterday our aviator, Khorvatsky, threw a bomb into Fort Kanitz at Koenigsberg, and killed eighty men."

Uneasy Lies the Town that Sleeps a King

FRANCIS JOSEPH'S EXPECTED FLIGHT FROM VIENNA TO SALZBURG

A VIEW OF VIENNA SHOWING THE KARLSPLATZ WITH THE KARLSKIRCHE

SALZBURG, THE PROPOSED NEW CAPITAL OF AUSTRIA FROM THE HILL OF THE CAPUCHINS

The creation of fresh capitals has become quite fashionable upon the Continent of late. Already the seat of the Government of France has been shifted from Paris to Bordeaux, and that of Belgium from Brussels successively to Antwerp and Ostend. Now it is reported that the Emperor Francis Joseph is contemplating a move from Vienna to Salzburg —a salubrious spot with the added attraction of being conveniently near to the German frontier

BELLICOSITIES

THE Japanese have seized a German island in the South Seas bearing the name of Yap. At last! The very place for the exile of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

* * *

The present state of the German forces—Potsdam and Jetsam.

* * *

Germany, the *Times* tells us, receives little news that does not appear in the papers. England, on the other hand, receives little that does.

* * *

Attempts are being made by the enemy to curry favour in Canada. The results of similar currying attempts in India prove them better at making hashes.

* * *

Cuba has now broken off relations with Germany. If, in our next issue, we are not able to announce the passage of Cuban troops through Kent *en route* to the front, we shall be gravely disappointed.

* * *

"The shame has been cast on our brothers," says the *Hamburger Nachrichten* "to have to fight such vile mercenaries as the British, who are liars, pirates, thieves." The paper is unfair to its brothers. They have recently shown very little inclination to have anything whatever to do with the vile mercenaries. Besides, by the Kaiser's orders, they exterminated them months ago.

* * *

Heartiest congratulations to Lord Murray on his escape from rifle fire at the front. His experiences of escaping critical situations have stood him again in good stead, and this time he had not to go nearly as far away as Bogota.

* * *

"The cages of all the wild animals in the Antwerp Zoo were," writes Mr. Reuter, of Amsterdam, "covered with steel plates. All the snakes had been killed for fear they might break out." No doubt the Antwerp authorities feared they might be eager to enlist in the Kaiser's coming army.

* * *

The Germans in retreat from Russia have taken refuge on the Vladislavoff-Ratchka-Tchernganja line. They will, we venture to prophesy, soon be sent to a locality much more easy to pronounce.

* * *

KAISER (*to Count von Moltke*): "Go. You are not your uncle!"

VON MOLTKE: "And you, Sire, are certainly not your grandfather."

* * *

The old trouble whether to pronounce the name of the river on which Antwerp stands with a hard or a soft "ch" is temporarily settled. For the moment it is certainly "Shell'd."

* * *

From the number of empty "magnums" found in the wake of the retreating Germans it would appear that they have abandoned the God of Battles in favour of the God of Bottles.

* * *

German soldiers are using the famous Palais de Justice in Brussels as a kitchen. It is generally admitted that the Germans have a marvellous knack of finding the range.

* * *

A reader asks us to recommend a part of Europe where he might go to escape all signs or even news of the war. We might suggest Lorraine and the Vosges.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT

"Never, in the whole course of my long and varied experience, have I dealt with a case quite so disgraceful and—ahem—wicked—er—ahem—Forty shillings or a month"

WAR'S ECONOMY

[*Impromptu after walking from Oxford Circus to Haymarket in the second month of the great war.*]

Whilst Peace still piped upon our happy hive,
I walked:—the poor could not afford to drive.
Now that Bellona and box-shakers stalk,
I drive:—*the poor cannot afford to walk.*

DESMOND COKE

IF Prussian Militarism Survives

II.—ITS PROBABLE INFLUENCE UPON ART, ARCHITECTURE, AND RELIGION

Woman as She is Made in Germany

BY "EFEMERA"

THE average German woman, as I have known her, is a humble creature very much in awe of her lord and master, especially if he happen to wear a uniform. She waits on him hand and foot from the cradle to the grave, and worships his moustache-twirling superiority. If she does not welcome his home-coming in Japanese fashion by grovelling on all fours and knocking her forehead against the floor it is probably only because stout German stays and the *üppige büste*, so admired in the Fatherland, effectually prevent such dutiful demonstrations of respect.

Authority in the home as enjoyed by Frenchwomen is unknown in Germany. In fact the German woman has no real voice in any one of the three interests in life to which German male opinion, headed by the Kaiser, restricts her. The proverbial three k's, which in English are c's, church, children, and cooking, are considered a sufficient field for her activities. Even in this limited field her position is that of a subordinate. She works for the Church, which is a powerful agent of the State, but is accorded no ecclesiastical recognition, she produces children, "cannon-fodder" for the Kaiser, but has no control over their education, she cooks for the comfort and pleasure of her husband, but the dishes she prepares are his favourites, not hers. Needless to say that a horizon bounded by the steeple, the cradle, and the kitchen-range cannot be a wide one, but ninety-nine out of a hundred German women appear content with it.

LADY CARSON

Her first studio portrait since her marriage to Sir Edward Carson. She was formerly Miss Ruby Frewen

Like most people who are systematically bullied, the German woman asserts a petty superiority wherever occasion offers, chiefly by virtue of reflected glory. Not for nothing does she, in all walks of life, assume the title of her husband. I have seen a Frau Capitän reduced to tears by the harshness of the Colonel's lady, and both together cringe before the Frau Generalin. Mrs. Commerfienrat rises with alacrity to offer her seat to Mrs. Secret Councillor, and the humble tutor's wife courts with assiduity the good-will of Frau Professorin.

The German woman's chief ambition is to be thoroughly German. So convinced is she of the superiority of everything German that the pretentions of any other nation are greeted with scornful laughter. For her it is Deutschland über Alles first, last, and all the time. The only direction in which she falls from grace is fashion; secretly she hankers after Parisian *chic*. When the German Crown Princess ordered her *trousseau* in Paris the act was openly condemned as unpatriotic, but no woman with pretensions to smartness failed to understand and approve. Whatever their other merits may be, German women in the matter of dress are a hopeless failure. Their one salvation has been the foreign dressmaker.

A few years ago a certain patriotic and hygienic group evolved for the benefit of German womanhood the Reform movement in clothes. Its lack of success has been much deplored in German circles, but judging by the samples which I have seen nothing else could have been expected. I have an abiding recollection of stout Fraus arrayed in dirty green woollen nightshirts, with ridiculously small Tyrolese felt hats perched a-top of broad faces and mouse-coloured hair. Shapeless garments of unlovely hue and ugly, if sanitary, texture are not calculated to enhance feminine charm, especially if the wearer be short and dumpy. Like Nebuchadnezzar's opinion of his vegetarian diet, the German woman's verdict was: "It may be wholesome, but it isn't good."

Now, as a result of the war French fashions are to be barred and the women of Germany thrown upon their own resources. I beg their pardon; not entirely, it would be allowing them too much initiative. Certain German scientists are to design styles which shall be at the same time practical, hygienic, truly German—and becoming. One may be permitted to wonder what sort of garment they will evolve.

The next question is: Will the German woman content herself with the result? Possibly, for she is a docile creature. But women, even Germans, are amazingly contradictory, especially in the matter of dress. What will probably happen is that fashions for women made in Germany will die a natural death. The Lure of Paris will prove too strong, and French fashions will be adopted with the announcement that if not actually made in Germany they are, as all good things must be, of German origin and inspiration.

EFEMERA

London in Search of Frivolity

PLAYS THAT ARE THE THING AT THE MOMENT

AT TWO MUSIC-HALLS

"FRIVOLITY as Usual"—and, after all, why not? Those of us who stay behind would do a sorry service to our country by moping all day and all night, and, really, I am not sure that Miss Lee White is not doing us a greater service by being just Lee White than by singing "Your King and Country Wants You" with a view to getting recruits. At least, that was more or less the impression I got when I revisited *Not Likely* at the Alhambra the other evening. Anyhow, I am sure that the chief attraction to the audience was the charming American's infectious gaiety. When she sang that really delightful tune, "All Aboard For Dixie," our hearts went out to her; we all wanted to accompany her to Dixie. Few of us, perhaps, know exactly where it is, but we imagine a land where the very name of Kaiser William is unknown, where war and rumours of war do not fill the newspapers, above all where everybody shared the high spirits of Lee White. No wonder the large audience cheered and applauded hugely.

But how some things do "date," to be sure. In *Not Likely* there is a scene dealing with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Bernard Shaw, and the sanguinary adjective, always popular, now famous. It might have been a satire on Noah and the Ark for all the meaning it seemed to have for us, for the war has made all the little interests that preceded it seem feebly prehistoric. Can you imagine anybody nowadays giving the mildest of mild Tango-Teas or troubling to think about the desirability or otherwise of the game of golf? Even in the music-halls the war has separated essentials from unessentials. We laugh at Robert Hale in "The Musical Watsons" as much as ever we did, because he is splendidly funny. And for real fun, thank Heaven, we are always ready. The love of fun is eternal, and it will take a bigger beast than the Prussian to bully us out of it.

Photograph *Elwin Neame*

MISS DORIS LYTTON

A charming young actress who is playing the leading part with Mr. Charles Hawtrey in "Seven Keys to Baldpate"

As at the Alhambra, so at the Palace. *The Passing Show*, in spite of its name, remains—and is likely to do so for some time to come, if the packed state of the house is any criterion. Elsie Janis, of course, has gone, and Gaby Deslys reigns in her stead. Needless to say, Gaby Deslys as herself is a joy for ever, but she seems to be trying to turn into something else, to wit a semi-tragic actress. The only tragic thing about Gaby is her desire to be tragic. Why will she do it? Even in "The Rajah's Ruby," which takes up most of the second part of the Revue, she is occasionally delightful. But I'm afraid she pleased us better in the old, frankly vulgar days. One consolation, however. She still wears those peculiar hats, as enormous as they are ludicrous, that she has made especially her own. So there is still hope.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MISS ISOBEL ELSOM

Who made her first appearance in the leading part formerly played by Miss Gladys Cooper in "My Lady's Dress" at the Royalty Theatre on Thursday last

The rest of the Revue goes as well as ever, better in some cases. Basil Hallam has a new song called "Rumours" that is topical and yet amusing—which is "some" combination, if you stop to think about it. It is noteworthy, moreover, that he scores with the song one of the greatest successes of the evening. I have always thought serious patriotism thoroughly out of place in a music-hall, and the patrons of music-halls seem to agree with me. At any rate, none of the patriotic scenas has been

remarkably successful so far. English patriotism at the present moment is too serious, too deeply felt, to need doggerel, flags, and a tremulous baritone. We leave them for our little wars.

AT TWO THEATRES

Mr. Haddon Chambers would, I think, in happier times have scored a great success with *The Impossible Woman* at the Haymarket, and, even as things are, he seems to be doing pretty well. His play, of course, is an adaptation of Anne Sedgwick's excellent novel, *Tante*. It deals with the conflict between a neurotic, and, as we are assured, a great woman pianist and a healthy, thoroughly British gentleman for the soul of his wife who was once the pianist's maid. That the young woman might conceivably like to own her soul herself never seemed to occur to either party. However, the healthy British gentleman, who, by the way, characterises a reclining Buddha as "a grinning idol" and tells Tante, the pianist, that she is nothing special as an interpreter of Beethoven (wherein I cordially agree with him) eventually wins hands down, and everybody is delighted. Conventionality, in fact, triumphs, and naturally the conventional are flattered.

Photograph *Wrather and Buys*

MR. HERBERT GRIMWOOD

As the Wizard Zikali, in the Zulu play "Mameena," founded on Sir Rider Haggard's novel, "Child of Storm," at the Globe Theatre. The main strength of the play lies in the faithfulness with which Zulu life is portrayed

Moreover, the pianist is all that a temperamental pianist is supposed to be. By birth cosmopolitan, by choice hysterical, she fits in exactly with all preconceived notions about musicians. But one does wish that people would stop supposing that "typical English gentlemen" are devoid of humour, tact, and artistic feeling. However, were *The Impossible Woman* much less interesting than it actually is, a visit to the Haymarket Theatre would be well worth while, if only to admire the performance of Miss Lillah McCarthy. As the impossible pianist she is better than I have seen her for a long time.

If you find the innumerable poses, stratagems, and wiles of *Tante* a trifle monotonous for your taste, go to the Apollo and be thrilled by *Seven Keys to Baldpate*. That extraordinary and essentially typical American production is, in its peculiar way, a perfectly admirable satire on the drama and novel of "action." The short first scene, let us be candid for once, is quite dull—and the slow pace at which it is taken at the Apollo does not improve matters—but the rest! Imagine all the wild and impossible situations ever conceived by the wildest brains of American fiction-mongers, all the stock characters, an adventurer, a crooked politician, a human ghost, not to mention, of course, an incredibly resourceful hero falling in love at first sight with a sweet, innocent heroine, and you have some idea of the ingredients that go to make up this extraordinary concoction. I wonder why it is that the Americans are so wonderfully successful as what, I suppose, we must call "commercial" writers? Both *Potash and Perlmutter* and *Seven Keys to Baldpate* are essentially "commercial" productions, but for sheer merit of invention and originality Europe does not seem to be able to compete with them at all. Either our plays and novels are "highbrow" or they are, as a rule, simply fatuous.

I suppose everybody is wondering what on earth Baldpate is, and why it has seven keys. Well, I will be so far indiscreet as to reveal the fact that Baldpate is a summer hotel, but I simply refuse to supply the eighth key. Incidentally, I think that Mr. Hawtrey, who, with Miss Doris Lytton to help him, heads a thoroughly competent cast, has already been guilty of a grave error of judgment in giving the whole thing away in the programme. I was fortunate enough to see *Seven Keys to Baldpate* in New York, and none of us knew till the very end if these extraordinary goings-on were real or acted by a company of actors hired by a man who stood to lose a bet. In fact, we were thoroughly delightfully mystified—even more, I hope, than is the reader. And then Mr. Hawtrey spoils both the joke and the mystification by writing in the programme: "Characters he sees while at work." But, there, I've half given the secret away myself now, and in return the least I can do is to express my firm conviction that *Seven Keys to Baldpate* is the best anti-war toxin at present obtainable in Town. F. T.

A Play that Is Playing—to Crowded Houses

THE PART OF A GUIDE TO AUTUMN FASHIONS

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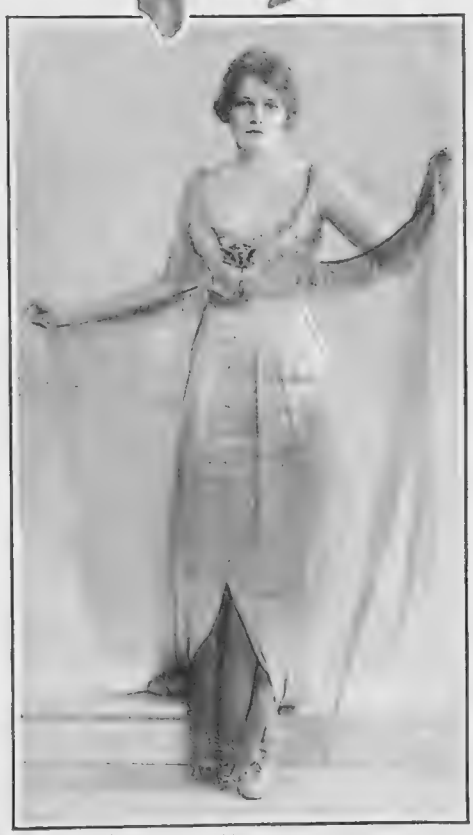
2



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4

(1) MISS WINIFRED ELLICE as "Psyche"

(2) MISS MARJORIE HUME as "Trotinette"

(3) MISS CYLLENE MOXON as "Messaline"

(4) MISS JANET ROSS as "Rosamond"

FOUR OF THE GOWNS WORN BY THE MANNEQUINS IN THE LAST ACT OF "MY LADY'S DRESS" AT THE ROYALTY

This Play, revived after the summer recess, is still one of the most attractive in Town. Women, after all, must wear some clothes, even in war-time, and the last act of the play, the scene at a Bond Street dress parade, reveals the fashion artist at his latest and best and the feminine figure at its most alluring

BOOKS: WARLIKE AND OTHERWISE

Stephen Graham—

Mr. Stephen Graham's books should be booming to-day. As the English gentleman who periodically steps into the shoes of a Russian tramp—and there are real tramps in Russia—he has written half a dozen volumes which are entirely different from the majority of travel-books, and breathe forth a gentle atmosphere of their own. Only a week or two ago he was telling us in the *Times* how Russia was setting out to war. Now there comes a further volume of travels from his pen, a volume dealing with the one country of all others which is the exact opposite of his beloved Russia.

—In America

Many British authors have gone over to the States and been fêted in New York and Chicago, and even in far-off San Francisco, and come back to publish their book. Stephen Graham has gone about the business in his own particular way. *With Poor Emigrants to America* (Macmillan: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) describes his adventures not so much in the huge cities as in the country itself, which to Europeans is practically unexplored territory. In tramping at leisure from New York to Chicago, the author found plenty to see and plenty to do. He found Russians and Poles and Swedes in the process of being turned into good Americans. He learnt a great deal of slang and found much hospitality. It is all described in that delightfully quiet and thoughtful manner which you have come to expect from the author of *Undiscovered Russia.* So far, moreover, as this latest volume is concerned, it might have been entitled *Undiscovered America,* so new is it, and so charming. May the tramp go on tramping to the end of his days—so long as he lets us into his secrets.

MR. STEPHEN GRAHAM

Whose latest book "With poor Emigrants to America" is reviewed on this page. In it is apparent the same charm of manner which made his books on Russia so fascinating

Another Tramp

To get away from the war for a while, you are invited to read Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's new novel, *The Clean Heart* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*). Here you will meet another tramp, rather less sedate than Mr. Graham. The book in parts is rather mad—like its hero; it is also in parts verbose and just a trifle affected; but the good stuff is there, and you read of the surprising adventures of Philip Wriford, novelist and editor, with the greatest possible pleasure. Wriford nearly goes mad from overwork. He tries to kill himself, but, fortunately, fails, and the madness that was engulfing him is driven off by the immortal Puddlebox. Mr. Puddlebox's body is shaped like a pear, he drinks like a fish, he tells lies by the dozen, and he has "gone under" with a vengeance; yet he gives up his life for Wriford, his "loony"—and from that moment new vistas open. Wriford's subsequent adventures on the road, in a Cornish workhouse, and in a Norfolk school, follow each other with an almost Chestertonian lack of probability. They end only after a further tragedy has been narrowly averted. The author of *The Happy Warrior* has followed that success with a book which while it may defy exact classification will certainly work a cure on those of us who may be cast down in these stressful days. *The Clean Heart* brings you near to tears now and then, yet in the main is a joyful book, which will make you determine to read everything that its author may write.

The German Way

In *Germany's Great Lie* (Hutchinson: 1*s.* net) Mr. Douglas Sladen takes the egregious *Truth About Germany,* which was printed in English for American consumption, and cheerfully refutes once and for all time its every statement. The text and Mr. Sladen's comments together make instructive reading. Years ahead, we shall be able to laugh at the absurdities of this wonderful German pamphlet. At the moment we can only marvel at the various methods which Germany has thought fit to employ in order to whitewash her own pitiful self.

The Chief Scout's Book

The Boy Scouts have received official recognition, and their Chief Scout has written a little book which could not have appeared at a more opportune moment. *Quick Training For War* (Jenkins: 1*s.* net) is just the sort of book which you might have expected from Sir Robert Baden-Powell. It is unpretentious, and packed full of those elementary facts concerning strategy about which civilians are so generally ignorant. And it is of a size to go comfortably into the pocket.

R. S.

Shoolbred's

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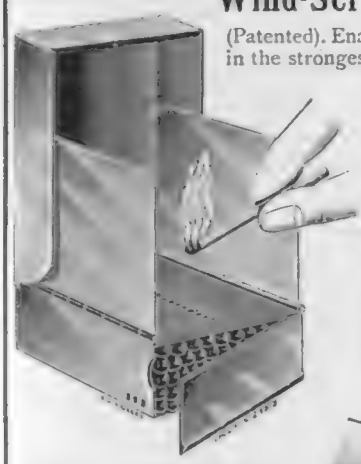

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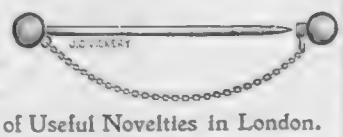

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Paris as She Is

BY THE BYSTANDER THEREIN

THE three had just come over from England, and we were eating luncheon in a small Bohemian restaurant of some repute in Paris. "I suppose, now that you have become used to the war, that Paris life is pretty much what Paris life has always been." "*Aber natuerlich!*" I answered sarcastically. The waiter, who was handing round *hors-d'œuvres*, put them down, and spoke in a low voice. "*I* happen to know you," he said, "but even so, it is very unwise of you to make jokes in German." "Hullo!" said I, "I didn't recognise you in your apron and felt slippers." And we shook hands. Then I introduced him to the other men. They were equally amused and surprised to hear that he was a very distinguished member of the secret police of Paris, with whom the tracking of "wanted individuals" of German or Austrian nationality had been a hobby and a professional speciality for some years before the war began. "You see how 'much as usual' Paris life is, just now, don't you?" was my comment. For life in Paris now is very, very different to the Paris life which many Londoners know. It is also very different to anything Londoners can imagine, for war is *in* this country, not across that useful silver streak, and war makes itself felt in everything we do in Paris all day long.

THE MORNING AFTER "THE DAY"

One of my three visitors, for instance, wanted to go and see a friend who is recovering from a little bit of German shrapnel, which he absorbed somewhat too suddenly for comfort, during the battle on the Marne. He thought he would "put in an hour" in the morning, looking his friend up, and he got into a taxicab at his hotel door, and gave the driver the address of the hospital, which is in Neuilly, just outside the gates of Paris. He was very angry indeed when he returned an hour later. He had to pay away quite a big little sum in paper money to his taxi-cabman, and speaking, as he does, very little French, all he knew of his adventure was that a lot of soldiers had held his cab up with fixed bayonets, that he had been questioned and heckled, taken to a police station, made to show his passport, and then sent ignominiously back to his hotel. I explained that he was lucky not to be under arrest. We have a British Vice-Consul in Paris at last, now—we have not had one since the last panic—but consular movements always take time, and my friend had evidently given trouble. You see, nobody may leave Paris in any vehicle except a railway train unless he has a pass or a safe conduct, and safe conducts are as necessary for the Paris suburbs as for the fighting zone.

Life has, in point of fact, become a curiously military matter here in France. To be allowed to live here we foreigners (friendly foreigners, of course, for foreigners of unfriendly nationality are allowed here no longer) had, first, to be guaranteed by our hall-porters or *concierges*, then by the Police Commissary of our district. To send a telegram it must be read through first and stamped by a police official with an official seal. Most things need permission. If you make a point of returning home late at night (anything after eleven is late now) you are asked to explain. This, of course, is nothing very new to married men, even in Paris. And, really, I am not sure that the official interference with the humdrum life of every day is not a godsend. For everyday life in Paris is exceeding dull. There is little or no business. People who sell things to eat do business still, with, of course, hours limited by military law. But most other businesses stagnate. There are practically no clerks. There are no young men at all.

The old men and the women who have responded nobly to the need for workers do their best, but life flows very, very slowly for all that. Four shops in every seven have their shutters up. Nine people out of every ten find their time hang exceeding heavy on their hands. The tenth man deals in war stores unless he happens to be a journalist. In this last event he is kept very busy struggling to get news which the censors forbid him to publish when he has obtained it. So we get up late—or in that tenth case work hard early and late—we stroll about till luncheon in the half-empty streets, at three we try to read some news into the official *communiqué* from the War Office, at four we spend an hour watching for Taubes—we are usually disappointed—and after dinner we are sent to bed early by the impossibility of doing anything.

I dined the other night at Maxims. It was quite crowded and as smart as any restaurant could be in this period of tabooed evening-dress. A very dirty French private soldier was refused a last drink at 9.35. He was Baron James de Rothschild.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

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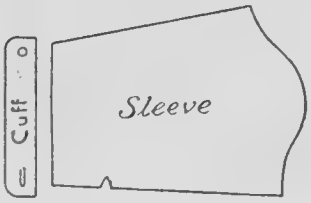

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The Noble Army of Unenlistables

THEIR OBJECT IN UNDERGOING MILITARY TRAINING

AT the present time a number of middle-aged gentlemen, or perhaps it would be more polite to say—using one of the new adjectives which the war has thrust upon us along with other atrocities—a number of gentlemen of unenlistable age are solemnly engaged in going to school. In other words, they are learning to drill and more particularly to shoot. The course of events has engendered in them an uneasy feeling that their education has been neglected. All of them, probably, have passed beyond the sphere of direct parental influence, many of them have outlived it; yet despite the freedom which the march of time has conferred upon them, here they are back at school again, on their own initiative, deliberately subjecting themselves to discipline and deliberately setting themselves to acquire (or perhaps in some cases to perfect themselves in) the rudiments of a profession for which they are admittedly too old.

In their young days (I am of their age, so I am old enough to speak from actual experience) it was the fashion to pooh-pooh—goodness knows why—any excursus on the part of the civilian population into the domain of what we now term militarism. The Volunteer movement made very slow progress; at the 'Varsity we called the Volunteers, in our graceful way, "bug-shooters." I suppose the explanation is that nothing short of "the real thing" would satisfy us; soldiering was such a serious business that playing at soldiers was a pastime to be confined to the nursery. But we have scrapped all those ideas now. Hence the coming into being of the noble army of unenlistables.

What is the meaning of it all? The possibility of their being one day called upon to fight has doubtless occurred to them strictly as a possibility, and no more. If those "in the know" are to be trusted (and I for one desire to place my most implicit faith in them) the bounds of *probability* are a good long way off as yet. But all the same, the unenlistables are "getting on with it." It means, first of all, that they are fully alive to the necessity of leaving nothing to chance, and that, if the worst comes to the worst—meaning themselves—they want to prove that the worst is a good bit better than nothing. And it means something of even greater moment.

I can see signs in the activity of these middle-aged gentlemen of the natural instinct of self-preservation which is inherent in every race that is not actually decadent. In obedience to a law which, after a long period of comparative insignificance, has suddenly become insistent they have grasped the necessity of setting an example for future generations to follow before the age-fetters by which they themselves are hampered can grip them. They have been schooled all their lives to look almost with horror upon conscription as something wholly incompatible with the Englishman's conception of freedom, and yet they now realise that unless the Englishman of the future is prepared to do something "on his own" in the way of voluntary military training conscription will have to come. What they are now doing, translated into words, means, "We, as a nation, mustn't be caught napping like this again." It is intended as a lesson for their sons and their sons' sons. And it will bear its fruit in due season. H. S. S.

"Work for Women"

In reply to numerous inquiries, we beg to state that the address to which subscriptions and other assistance should be sent for Queen Mary's Work for Women Fund is 33, Portland Place, the London residence which Lord Blyth has patriotically given up to a worthy cause. The secretarial duties are now in the able hands of Mr. H. L. Clayden.

War Post-Cards

Some quite admirable coloured picture post-cards, by Lawson Wood and other well-known artists, have been printed by Dobson, Molle and Co., 20, Tudor Street, E.C. ("St. Clair" series), and are on sale at the price of 8 for 6*d*.

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WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 567.—Vol. XLIV. Wednesday, October 14, 1914 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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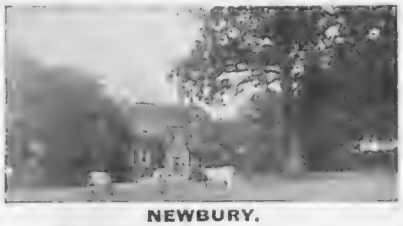

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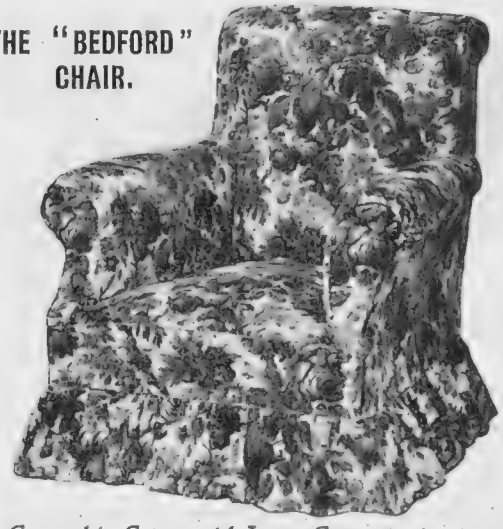

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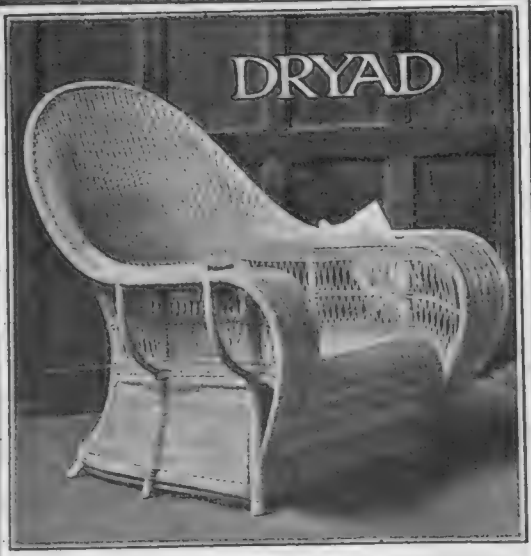

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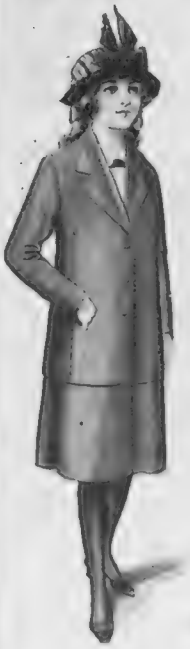

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Airship v. Aeroplane

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IF THE ZEPPELINS COME. BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Lights of London

THE lights of London have most seriously been disarranged by the latest "dowse-the-glim" order, and worthy citizens are beginning to wonder whether the current mode of building houses without basements has anything specially to commend it. That terror of the dark which is instinctive in the child has not exactly been re-born in the grown-up, but the persistence of its influence is beginning to be discovered. The manœuvres of the *Beta* overhead and the newspaper stories about invasion by German airship, the alleged offer of a shipping order of Iron Crosses to the first German sky-pilot who succeeds in unloading a cargo of explosives into our midst, the play of fierce search-lights upon the doomful gloom of the heavens, and the general atmosphere of threatenings, have all assisted the timid to a state of dreadful imaginings. And the whisperings are all of Zeppelins. "Supposing," they say, "supposing——"

***

The Zeppelin Menace

Well, if they do come in any force we shall certainly hear something drop. That the coming is a possibility it were fatuous to deny. Under favourable circumstances the new type Zeppelin can travel at 40 or 50 m.p.h. They can carry a crew of over twenty men, a wicked gun or two, and at least a ton of explosives. They can make headway against moderately unfavourable winds at about 30 m.p.h. And they can comfortably keep aloft long enough to get here and back again. The chicken-heart may submit all these things in explanation of any tremorings at the knees. He might as well get downcast because Germany has many ships, each capable of getting up the Thames with a few thousand men, each equal to landing those men at a spot convenient to London until an army had accumulated big enough to sack the City with efficiency and despatch. All possible; yet there isn't a pair of knees in all England knocking at the prospect. Clearly possibilities are not everything. Probabilities are much more important. The landing of German troops at Old Swan Pier other than as prisoners having a day off to see the sights, is not probable. The reasons are obvious and concrete The British Fleet, the fortifications at the mouth and up the river, the power of the home forces, are some of these reasons. *Ergo*, it is not what the Zeppelin can do, but whether we can prevent him doing it.

***

Defence by Aeroplane

As I write this my train is passing the Hendon Aerodrome. There are three machines in the air, and two more waiting on the ground. There are many other training-grounds around the country. If the German Zeppelins evaded the blockading fleet and the guns of the Allies, they have still to dodge the vessels and aeroplanes across the sea, which is England's glory. Assume them dodged and even then they have to deal with the land forces and the aerial reserve They have to get through this resistance also. Remember the aeroplane gun, even if it cannot reach the altitude of the invading Zeppelin, can still threaten it; which sends it higher and into more dangerous positions.

***

The "Zep's" Limitations

Remember, also, that the modern aeroplane can always outgeneral a Zep, simply because it can move faster. If it can rise above and get shelter out of the bulk of the Zeppelin gas-bag and keep that advantage, not one of the invading airships would ever get back to the land of its birth, despite the protection of its scores of balloonettes. A single shot nicely placed will go through sufficient balloonettes to disturb the balance and bring it down. But I hope it will drop in the sea or in wide and open spaces. It might hurt very badly if it fell in the City. On the whole, therefore, I think the menace of the Zeppelin is much over-rated

***

A Correction

In our last issue Mr. Stenson Cooke was inaccurately described (under a photograph of himself) as having been "formerly secretary of the A.A." As a matter of fact, although he has for the time being exchanged the pen for the sword, he still retains that office, and therefore should have been described as Secretary of the A A

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Fashion Facts and Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Small Treasures for Our Soldiers and Sailors

THE fact is at last generally accepted that the Government see to shirts and socks, so far as our men are concerned, also that both are more satisfactorily turned out in our factories and shops by experienced workers. But neither the Admiralty nor War Office has time for any extraneous matters. The former do not see the necessity, for example, of those cosy helmets, which are so appreciated by the sailors during the winter months. Therefore a gratuitous supply of these to the fleet cannot fail to meet with the sincerest thanks. Mittens are another item officially unrecognised but affording the greatest comfort and relief. A capital idea is a short double scarf, either end drawn into a tassel. This can be either worn as a scarf or converted into a sort of brewer's cap by pushing one end right inside.

Figure Culture

After a holiday of which she sadly stood in need, following an exceptionally strenuous season, Madame Elvira has returned thoroughly invigorated to her busy life at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street. No stronger proof could, perhaps, be found of the high opinion in which her wonderful obesity treatment is held, not only from an æsthetic point of view, but also on the score of health and comfort, than in the fact that the war has made little or no difference to the calls made upon Madame Elvira's services.

At the same time, she herself, actuated by the spirit that has without exception permeated the entire social system, has decided, during the inevitable stress and strain that is being felt by all purses, to appreciably lower her terms. Naturally, such a procedure provides an unique opportunity for many who have hitherto only heard and longed in vain to put themselves in the hands of this capable specialist.

A NEW WAR FASHION!
Designed to suit the moment by the Belgian artist, S. Norblin

Commonsense Methods

Quite recently Elvira has been dealing with some singularly obstinate cases, both of body and chin, and of the complete success of one of them I can speak of my own knowledge. The taking away of the disfiguring double and sometimes treble chin, together with the bracing-up of the muscles either side, practically restores a face to its original youthful contour. And what woman who has passed the rubicon of forty can afford to ignore that?

The more closely one goes into Elvira's methods the more sound and commonsense they appear to be. Hers is no surface handling; she goes to the root of the trouble, while her experience and scientific knowledge enable her to treat each case according to its individual requirements. That she will ever rest content with the laurels already attained is quite improbable. For she is ever studying and discovering fresh fields to conquer. That simple home treatment for wrinkles she evolved has amply fulfilled all that was promised in its name. It is, indeed, worthy of note how throughout Elvira has never given anything to the public that has not been hall-marked by her personal guarantee. So we women may well exclaim with one voice, "*Vive Elvira!*"

The Rowe Idea for Dressing Children

With our Navy and our sailors the cynosure of the world, everything pertaining to that finest of fine services acquires enhanced favour in our eyes. Although for several decades now the sailor dressing of small boys has had the fullest recognition, its popularity will, this winter, go up in leaps and bounds and our dear little embryo commanders and admirals will sport the regulation Jack Tar suit, with an air that is peculiarly British. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to this date to point the finger of significance at Rowe, the renowned children's outfitters, of Gosport, in this particular connection. These people living, as they do, in the very heart of naval doings, have rightly scorned any fantastic representation of our British sailors' dress, and carry out their small garments complete and orthodox in every detail, as witness the fidelity of the jolly overcoat illustrated.

Correct in Every Detail

This is an exact copy of the most recent Admiralty pattern, with the one exception of the buttons. Strictly speaking, these should be black, but for children gilt buttons are usually preferred, and are, therefore,

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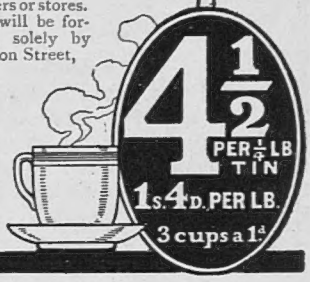

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employed by Rowe unless the others are definitely specified. Ready for immediate wear, their naval overcoat ranges in price from 23*s.* 6*d.*, and a smarter, warmer, or more thoroughly practical wrap, fashioned, as it is, of service cloth, is not to be found. And it is, moreover, equally applicable to little girls' wear, since the Rowe naval costume for the latter is one of the happiest and cleverest modifications possible. After a study of the firm's photographically illustrated book, which explains in full the Rowe idea of clothing children, one experiences an irresistible desire to visit the London branch at 106, New Bond Street, a depôt fed, of course, direct from the parent source at Gosport, and there inspect the materialised inspirations,

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Worth Looking Into

Messrs. Holtzapffel and Co., of 53, Haymarket, S.W., are allowing a special discount to purchasers from them of puzzles intended for the amusement of wounded soldiers and sailors. Some of their new jig-saw puzzles are most ingenious, and a list of them (which will be sent post free) is well worth applying for.

The Opportunity of the English Spas

Since the Continent is practically inaccessible to winter health-seekers and holiday-makers, the claims of our British spas will receive more than ordinary consideration since the same advantages, social and hygienic, may be enjoyed in our country as on the other side of the Channel. Such notable inland resorts as Bath, Cheltenham, Clifton, Droitwich, Malvern, and Leamington, are ideal as winter spas. Each has its complement, not only of curative waters, springs, and baths, but also of amusements of all kinds, providing a round of gaiety that no Continental spa could surpass. Those who are desirous of "taking the waters" may do so in England with quite as much health-profit and much less expense.

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Under this title a war anthology compiled by A. E. Manning Foster and consisting of chosen selections from the works of England's martial poets has just been published by Messrs. Cope and Fenwick, 8, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., at 1*s.* and 2*s.* The entire profits from the sale of the book will be given to the National Relief Fund.

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Patriotic British people will be glad to know that the valuable drug sold under the German trade name of "Aspirin" is now being prescribed and supplied by chemists under the British trade name of "Helicon." Its chemical constitution is identical in every particular.

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The Menu: Suggestions for Cooking Partridges and Other Game

Broiled Partridge
Partridge Pudding
Stewed Partridges (Old Birds)
Salmi of Grouse
Game Soufflés
A Game Pie

Broiled Partridge

Divide and flatten the bird, season it with salt, pepper, or cayenne, dip into clarified butter, and then into very fine breadcrumbs, and take care that every part is equally covered; place over a clear fire or under the gas deflector, and cook gently from twenty to thirty minutes. Send it to table with brown mushroom sauce, if for dinner, but if for a breakfast dish, a slice of butter put on directly it is taken off the grill would be preferred.

Partridge Pudding

Many people prefer to have partridges dressed in a pudding rather than a pie, as the flavour is so perfectly preserved in the paste. Unless the birds be very young, skin them before you cut them up into joints. Two good-sized partridges will make a pudding. Lay a thin rump-steak over the paste, then the partridges seasoned well with pepper, salt, and mace; pour over a quarter of a pint of good brown gravy; cover with paste, and boil two hours. Mushrooms can be added if liked.

Stewed Partridges (Old Birds)

Brown a brace of partridges in a stewpan, in either clarified dripping or butter, add a piece of bacon cut into small pieces, a little chopped onion, two cloves, two carrots chopped small, a bay-leaf, and some good stock, place these with the birds in a casserole-dish in the oven, and cook gently for an hour and a half. Strain the gravy before serving.

Salmi of Grouse

Roast a grouse for about ten minutes, then cut into joints. Pound the liver smoothly, cut 2 oz. of cooked ham into dice, chop one small onion, and tie up a bunch of herbs together. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and put in the onion, three cloves, six peppercorns, the chopped ham, and the herbs; fry all these a pale brown. When nearly dark enough, add 1 oz. of flour and brown as well. Pour in three-quarters of a pint of stock, and stir till it boils. Put in the grouse, liver, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, two teaspoonfuls of red-currant jelly, a small glass of claret, and ½ oz. of glaze. Cover the pan and simmer very gently about three-quarters of an hour. When cooked, arrange neatly on a dish, strain the sauce over and garnish with croûtons of fried bread.

Game Soufflés

Pound and sieve 4 oz. of any cold cooked game or chicken, and mix it with a panade, prepared with a gill of brown stock (made from the bones and trimmings of the game), add two eggs Have ready some little soufflé-cases, fill with the mixture, and bake for ten to fifteen minutes. These soufflés make a very dainty entrée.

A Game Pie

Skin two grouse or partridges, prepare ½ lb. of minced raw ham, fat and lean, pack the birds (which have been cut into small pieces) into a fire-proof casserole. Fill in with the minced ham, some hard-boiled eggs, and seasoning. Add a cupful of good stock, put in the oven for one hour. When cold, put aspic jelly on the top, and serve in the casserole.

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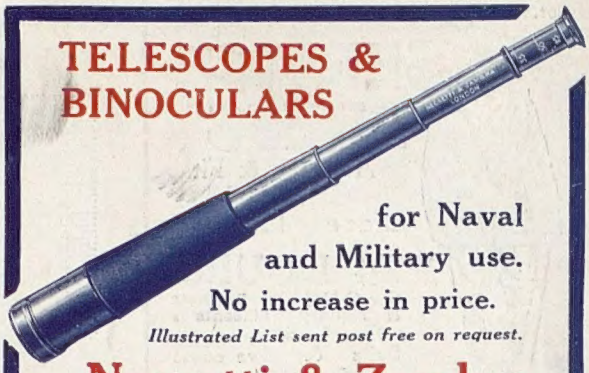

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